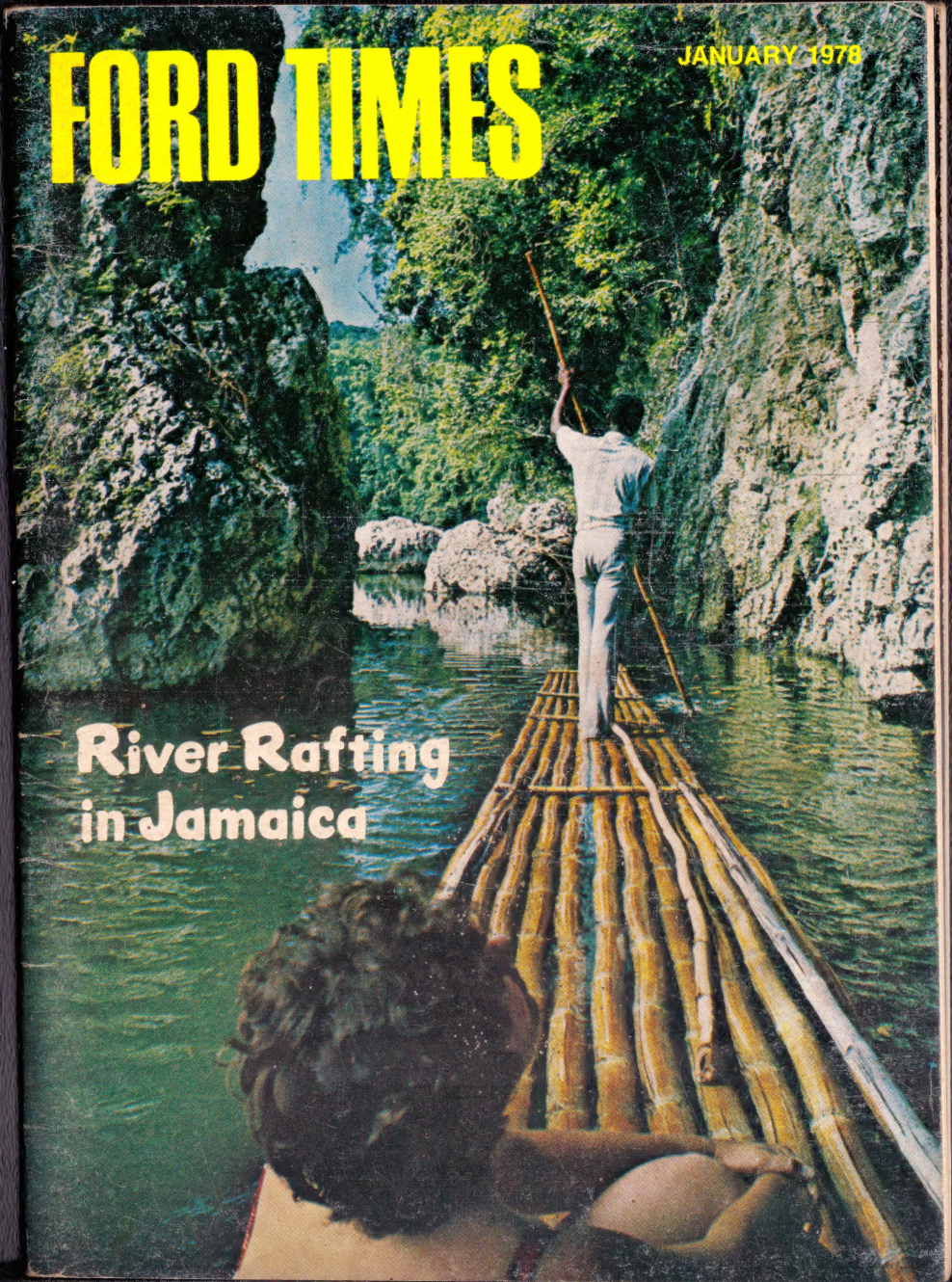


FORD TIMES

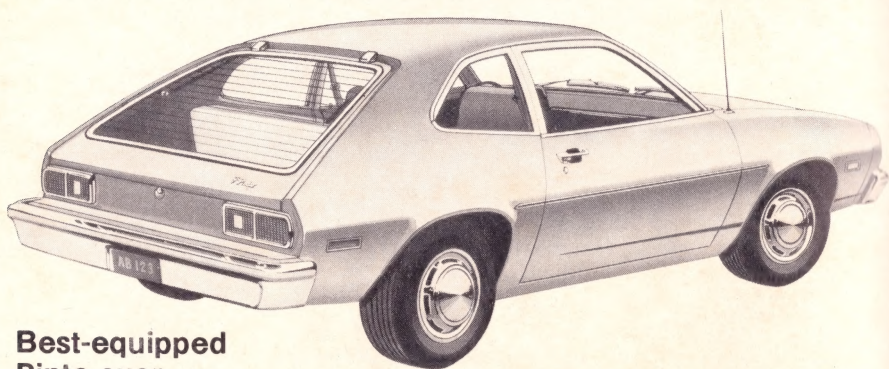


JANUARY 1978

**River Rafting
in Jamaica**

A comparison of comparably equipped '77 and '78 models proves...

We added features and lowered the sticker price on the 1978 Ford Pinto.



Best-equipped Pinto ever.

All 1978 Pintos built after October 3, 1977, come with all these features as standard equipment.

New standard features:

- ☐ AM Radio
- ☐ Power Front Disc Brakes
- ☐ Electric Rear Window Defroster
- ☐ Tinted Glass All-Around
- ☐ Protective Bodyside Moldings
- ☐ Full Wheel Covers
- ☐ Bright Window Frames

Traditional standard features:

- ☐ Front Bucket Seats
- ☐ Rack and Pinion Steering
- ☐ Color-Keyed Carpeting
- ☐ 2.3 Litre Overhead Cam Engine
- ☐ 4-Speed Transmission
- ☐ And Lots More ...

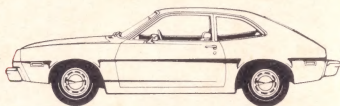
*All
Standard*

FORD

When America needs
a better idea,
Ford puts it on wheels.

Pinto Pony even less than last year.

Full wheel covers, bright drip and backlight moldings now standard. All other '78 features are optional on Pinto Pony.



**Prices
start at \$2,995.**

Manufacturer's suggested sticker price
excluding title, taxes and destination charges.

FORD TIMES

Brought to you through the courtesy
of your local Ford dealer, whose
name appears on the back cover.

The Ford Owner's Magazine

January 1978, Vol. 71, No. 1

Consumer
Publications Manager
P. E. McKelvey
Editor-in-Chief
Robert M. Hodesh
Managing Editor
Richard L. Routh
Senior Editors
Cara L. Kazanowski
John Woodford
Associate Editor
Michael E. Maattala
Food & Fashion Editor
Nancy Kennedy
Design Manager
Jerry L. Anderson
Art Directors
Gary J. Dykstra
Malcolm T. Young
Photography Director
Leonard P. Johnson
Circulation Manager
T. L. Bewick, Jr.
Board of Publishers
T. H. Mecke, Jr.
Chairman
R. A. Ablondi
B. E. Bidwell
O. W. Bombard
W. O. Bourke
B. L. Crumpton
R. J. Hampson
R. W. Hefty
G. B. MacKenzie
P. E. McKelvey
W. J. Moriarty
J. J. Morrissey
J. E. Sattler
W. S. Walla

Published monthly
and © 1978 by
Ford Motor
Company, The
American Road,
Dearborn, Michigan
48121. All rights
reserved. Printed
in U.S.A.



CONTENTS:

2 People Who Have Brightened My Travels

Dolly Connelly

8 Collecting Advertising Cards

Dorothy Francis

16 River Rafting in Jamaica

Richard and Mary Magruder

22 Grits Is

William Childress

27 Brass Rings and Rubber Washers

Harriet Agnew Moir

36 The Artifacts of Slavery

John Woodford

41 Take a Tour of Tropical Texas

Hal Butler

46 Ice Skating . . . The Universal Sport

Frederic A. Birmingham

56 The Celery Seed Is on the Third Shelf from the Bottom (between the Cayenne and the Chili Powder)

Ginny McReynolds

60 Wily Tactician of the Brushlands

George Heinold

12 Pinto: Now with Even More Value for Your Money

Will M. Duffy

32 Fairmont Futura: A Two-Door Turn-On

Cara L. Kazanowski

21 Glove Compartment

35 Cruising Van of the Month

52 Favorite Recipes from Famous Restaurants

64 Letters

Cover: Rafting on the Martha Brae or Rio Grande rivers in Jamaica is an excellent way to see the inland beauty of the island. Story begins on page 16. Photo by Richard Magruder.

People Who Have Brightened My Travels

by Dolly Connelly
paintings by Neil Boyle

TRAVEL OCCASIONALLY may seem to be a string of airport terminals or neon-lighted motels. Other times it is illuminated by incidents so poignant that all the mountain peaks and shell-strewn beaches pale to insignificance before the memory of a shining moment of human understanding.

Once, on a trip over the Alaska Highway in the deep subzero cold of

a January northeaster, I sat drinking coffee in a roadhouse in Yukon Territory. It had been a fearsome night—down to 54 degrees below zero and lonely as only the Northern winter wilderness can be.

I'd looked forward through hours of precarious driving to this roadhouse because I knew from past experience that it was a particular wellspring of hospitality. Low-ceilinged, double-doored, murkily lit by its chugging power plant, it is left unlocked through the small hours when no one is in attendance, its coffee urn perking, its food set out for the comfort of truck drivers on the lonely stretches.

I had a story to write, but was afraid I would be unable to capture the spirit of the people of the road, a breed as distinctive as the Klondike gold seekers of '98. They are all pioneers, these people of the adventure road, whose genuine regard for one another conquers the empty stretch of a continent. You have to experience this regard to know that it stands guard over you in the deep night of the Northern winter. You have to discover that the roadhouses call ahead up the road and alert one another to watch for a woman driving alone, a family with a sickly baby or a truck driver with a faulty fuel pump.

The first-shift fry cook came on duty, emerging from the back of the building to scratch and yawn over a bowl of pancake mix. That finished, he turned to a canning jar



of coins, set out on the counter for truck drivers to make change for themselves, and dumped the night's receipts into a cash drawer.

"Don't you count it?" I asked.

"No point," he answered. "It's always way over. The boys put in more than's due. It's their way of saying thanks for the unlocked door."

I was warmed by this explanation all the way to Fairbanks.

Thick-headed with fatigue

Another time, sailing back to La Paz, Baja California, with Mexican friends from a day-long beach picnic at what must be the most beautiful bay in all the world, I watched the full black night fall and lights jewel the new-moon curve of La Paz's esplanade in the distance.



Satiated with a long day in the sun and the miraculous air and water at Puerto Balandra, all of us were thick-headed with fatigue. Along was a pretty blond girl who shook out long, damp braids dripping over her shoulders and voiced the complaint of us all:

"I'm so tired . . . it must be the altitude."

Gently, as one explains the tooth fairy myth to a believing child, one of the Mexican young men pointed out to her that we were at sea level, that this lovely blue stuff was a bay of the Mar de Cortes, which in turn was a gulf of the Pacific Ocean.

"But I always thought Mexico was so high!" she wailed.

"Si, si—it is a high ocean," he soothed.

In Alaska, I witnessed the amiable versatility of Eskimos in process of being whisked in one leap from the Stone Age into the 20th century. At Gambell, Saint Lawrence Island, I struck up a friendship with an attractive young Eskimo matron named Adeline Aningayou. One day, as we returned from hunting squabs on the precipitous cliff of the Sevuokuk Mountains, Adeline said, "Now you come my house night. Hour Charm."

The Aningayou home was a Quonset hut used during World War II as living quarters for observers of a Siberian airfield, immediately across Bering Strait and in full view on days of high visibility. I presume that the Russians



looked at us just as we looked at them and exactly nothing came of it except for a few army artifacts still at Gambell.

The whole village had assembled before me—men, women and children plastered six deep on skins around the walls of the hut. In the center of the room, on a caribou hide, was seated a remarkably handsome woman, her brow bound in toilet paper. Bold stripes were tattooed across the broad fan of her chin. Her heavy black hair, hanging to her waist, gleamed with seal oil.

Adeline came forward, bearing a chest of demonstration cosmetics, courtesy of a Hollywood cosmetics manufacturer with a worldwide business. "Hour Charm" was a beauty treatment, a "fessal" (facial) and makeup, for the honey-colored complexion of an Eskimo!

Oregon hard to explain

Maybe I'm not fated to grasp the big things. I remember Newfoundland, but not so much the fog-swirled barren mountains, the sea-pounded rocky coasts, innumerable nameless lakes, the cold-stunted subarctic forests of black spruce and balsam fir, the bogs and barrens dominated by heaths and cloud-berries, ankle-deep carpets of sphagnum moss and caribou lichens, the mystic history dating back to the visit of the Vikings in the year 1001. No, I remember switchel and "cawd" tongues and an argument with villagers of a fishing colony

clinging to cliffs above a wicked sea.

My car was the center of considerable speculation. It bore Oregon license plates. Confused by the strange "Oregon" on the plates, the villagers in this remote hamlet, only recently reached by road, came to the conclusion that this was a new and refreshing way to spell "Ontario." Finally, I decided it was my duty to straighten out a fisherman caught in the very act of misinforming his "jackeens" (children).

We drifted in a welter of confusion. All isolated Newfoundlanders are convinced that the island lies at the exact center of a universe that dribbles off into vacuity immediately east of Ireland and west of Quebec. When I tried to explain Oregon with a United States road map spread over his fish-drying platforms, he sent his jackeens flying through the village to summon a larger audience.

Perched on oily wooden kegs of cod livers, we all had a lovely time, though they looked at me with bright, skeptical eyes. One spry olderster kept interrupting, "Yer tawts are a mite aft." (You're a little daft.)

The debate ended with the serving of switchel, boiled tea so strong it snarls out of mugs to attack your tooth enamel, and some of the most delicate tidbits I've ever tasted: cod tongues and cheeks, dipped in batter and fried in crisp brown bites in a villainous pot of smoking grease.

"We save the best paht of the cawd for ournselves," confided my

host with an endearing grin. "You must come back again next week."

I can assure you, though, that the telling incident, the revelatory play of character, happens just as readily in your own backyard. Take Roy Franklin, pilot and owner-manager of Puget Sound Airlines, which has served the people of the San Juan Islands off our Washington state shores for decades. You recognize at a glance that Roy is somebody special, for he wears that expression of wry amusement behind which hide persons who care deeply for the welfare of others. On the first lap of an island trip, I was met by Roy and was asked, "You in any kind of hurry? We only got one other passenger, and I kinda think I'll take the long way 'round."

Soon the second passenger arrived, a woman lost in private seclu-

sion. With wrenching pity, I recognized her as an island mother who recently had watched her child die under tragic circumstances.

We set out, but instead of heading out over the islands, Roy turned inland to the Cascade Mountains. We circled Mount Baker, did a marvelous dipsy-doo over the pyramids of Mount Shuksan, followed the course of the Skagit River and turned toward the scattering of emerald gems across our inland sea, wandering apparently aimlessly as a dragonfly over the dream world of the San Juan Archipelago.

We looked into an eagle's nest, flew low over an exquisite sailboat with pale yellow wings, followed a straining tug and barge with a load of sawdust, watched an outboard motorboater bring a salmon to gaff. At long last we came in on the north side of Orcas Island and settled into a long glide into Eastsound Airport.

The woman put her luggage in a waiting car and returned to Roy. Tears ran down her cheeks. She squeezed Roy's hand in wordless gratitude—there aren't any verbal thanks for a gift like that—and hurried to the car.

Roy came over and shut the door of the plane's baggage compartment, taking his time about it. I waited, hoping he might offer some small explanation of that unscheduled tour over the magnificence of western Washington.

"Thought I'd show her God's still in His heaven," he said. □



Collecting



Advertising Cards

Before radio and TV, these colorful handouts entertained as much as they promoted

by Dorothy Francis photos by Carl Kurtz

FROM 1870 until 1900, one of the more eloquent examples of American folk art was the trade or advertising card. During this period, newspapers and magazines carried little advertising, and color pictures were scarce items.

Trade cards were an effective means of telling people about a product. A shopkeeper often handed such cards to his customers, usually free, but sometimes he charged a penny. Now most trade cards fetch a fancy price in antique shops or from dealers in historical paper goods. Often the cards were issued in a series that became a

popular collector's item.

While Elias Howe is credited with inventing the sewing machine, it was Isaac Merritt Singer who developed the first domestic sewing machine suitable for general home use. He used advertising cards to put his product before the public.

In 1892, the Singer Manufacturing Company issued a series of 36 cards called "Costumes of All

Above: Mokaska Baking Powder Company's tan card. Upper right: Singer's Swedish ladies and German Yeast Company's bluebird. Lower right: Sports of India as depicted by Arbuckle Brothers Coffee Company



Nations." Singer sent photographers to some 20 foreign lands where Singer machines were used. These photographers took on-the-spot photographs of the local men, women, and children dressed in their native costumes and posed by a Singer sewing machine.

The photographs then were lithographed in color on postcard-size advertising cards. This series was distributed to visitors to the Singer exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893.

The front of each of these colorful cards showed several natives of a country posed with a treadle sewing machine. A description of the featured country's outstanding resources and customs was printed on the back of the card.

In 1893 the Arbuckle Brothers Coffee Company of New York issued a series of 50 advertising cards with pictorial histories of the sports of all nations. The picture on each card was divided into two or three sections, and each section showed natives of a country engaged in that country's favorite sports.

The reverse side of the Arbuckle card featured written history of the country as well as instructions for grinding coffee at home. The advertiser also warned that coffee would lose more of its strength in one hour after being ground than in six months before grinding.

In 1893, when people worked from 12 to 14 hours a day, they

had more than a casual interest in labor-saving devices such as sewing machines, stoves, clothes wringers, force pumps, haying rakes, self-settling coffee and starch. All were pictured on advertising cards at one time or another.

Many companies preferred to use the picture of a winsome child or baby on their advertising cards instead of the product to be sold, reserving the reverse side of the card for the sales pitch. The Milwaukee Harvester Company, Lenox Soap Company, and Hires' Root Beer Company followed this practice.

On the back of the Milwaukee Harvester card, the reader was given a verbal picture of a perfectly balanced harvester that put no weight on the horses' necks and had no side draft. The reverse side of the Lenox Soap card had a poem indicating that "thope" was baby's first word. The back of the Hires' Root Beer card urged Americans to buy Hires' packaged preparation and make their own root beer.

Other companies used nature pictures to woo trade. The Bon Ami Company card showed five baby chicks in a straw hat below the caption—"Hasn't Scratched Yet." The German Yeast Company of Omaha gave an advertising card with every package of German Hop Yeast. One card depicted a bluebird, another showed three kittens peeking from an envelope.



Zulus in native costume with Singer sewing machine

With no radio or television, families spent evenings with friends comparing and discussing card collections mounted in ornate albums.

Then, as now, card collectors specialized, and their collections were both entertaining and educational. Like stamp collectors and coin collectors, a card collector with more than one copy of any specific card sometimes traded with a friend for a card he did not own. Card-swapping parties added spice to a work-heavy week.

Not all advertising cards were rectangular, and cards of special shapes were highly prized. The Mokaska Baking Powder Company's fan-shaped card bearing

pictures of songbirds and flowers was highly sought. C. I. Hood & Co. of Lowell, Massachusetts, makers of Hood's Sarsaparilla, issued a card-booklet in the shape of a pansy. Inside the card the reader found directions for raising pansies as well as an explanation of the benefits of Hood's Sarsaparilla in treating ailments resulting from impure blood.

If you haunt today's antique shops and flea markets you're apt to see some of these former giveaway cards now selling from 50 cents to \$100 or more, depending on their rarity. On the other hand, you might get lucky if you haven't explored Grandpa's attic recently. □

Pinto:

THERE'S A LOT more Pinto for your money these days.

Seven items—all formerly available only as options—now are standard for every Pinto model except Pony. These new standard performance, appearance and protection features are ones people have been saying they've wanted on Pinto.

A comparison of suggested retail prices shows that the best-equipped two- and three-door Pintos ever are priced less than comparably equipped 1977 models.

The added options, which are highly functional and have true customer appeal, begin with AM radio and continue with power front disc brakes, electric rear window defroster, wheel covers, tinted glass, vinyl insert bodyside moldings and bright window frames. Pinto Pony, with a lower suggested retail base price than last year, now sports standard wheel covers and bright drip and backlite moldings.

Pinto's other traditional standard features, which long have made the car renowned for good looks and fine handling, include a high-performing 2.3-litre 2V four-cylinder over-

Now with Even More Value For Your Money

by Will M. Duffy



Pinto with new standard equipment



Optional Interior Decor Group includes seats in stylish plaid with vinyl trim



Color-keyed cut-pile carpeting is standard on all Pinto models

head-cam engine, manual four-speed floor-mounted transmission, electronic ignition, rack-and-pinion steering and two-speed windshield wiper with washer. Standard inside are high-back vinyl or cloth-and-vinyl front bucket seats, padded all-vinyl door trim panels, inside hood release, glove box, and color-keyed instrument panel and cut-pile carpeting.

Customers also may select from any of 14 exterior colors and five interior colors.

Although more is standard on Pinto than in past years, there still are plenty of Pinto options to select for two-door sedans, three-

door Runabouts or station wagons.

New Pinto options include white forged aluminum wheels, an exciting Accent Tape Stripe for sedans and Runabouts, an AM digital clock radio and a low-cost Interior Accent Group.

These options join already popular ones such as a 2.8-litre V-6 engine, automatic transmission, air conditioning, four-way adjustable bucket seat on the driver's side, flip-up open-air roof, station wagon luggage rack, the popular Exterior Decor Group and a variety of wheel and radio choices.

Pinto also offers a wide choice of option groups so customers may

choose the package best-suited to their needs. Always popular with the young-at-heart, Pinto has option packages that add even more appeal for the youth market.

The Sports Rallye Package includes a tachometer, sport steering wheel, front stabilizer bar, heavy-duty suspension and 3.18 rear axle for better acceleration. Dual racing mirrors, styled steel wheels, front spoiler, gold accent stripes and black-out exterior moldings are part of Pinto's Rallye Appearance Package.

With smooth handling, great looks and room for four full-size people or two plus nearly 60 cubic feet of cargo space with the rear seats down, it's easy to see why Pinto is America's best-selling station wagon.

The Pinto Squire option dresses up the Pinto wagon inside with the Interior Decor Group as well as outside with luxurious woodgrain vinyl bodyside paneling and full wheel covers.

A Pinto wagon that's really turning heads is the Cruising Wagon. Called the "Porthole Pinto" by Californians, it is available in three versions, all of which feature unique paint/tape designs, front end spoiler, solid side panels with bubble glass portholes for windows, dual color-keyed sport mirrors and Sports Rallye Package.

Pintos shown on these pages have one or more of the following options: Interior Decor Group, forged aluminum wheels, white sidewall tires, raised-white-letter tires and luggage rack. □

Pinto Cruising Wagon with standard graphics



River Rafting



A man wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat and a red short-sleeved shirt stands on a wooden raft or dock. He is holding a long, thin wooden pole diagonally across his body. The background shows a body of water and some greenery.

in Jamaica

story and photos by Richard and Mary Magruder

Where the scenery is
more breathtaking
than shooting
the rapids

WHAT JAMAICAN rafting may lack in hair-raising drama, it more than makes up in a tranquil West Indian grace and a guileless Caribbean enchantment. There are few swift currents and no treacherous whirlpools. There is no difficulty launching (you merely step aboard from a high, dry pier or a rock on the river bank), only an occasional stretch of white water—that less dramatic than refreshing—and *no* danger.

Instead, there is a languid, rhythmic, seaward drift, a peaceful passage between bamboo groves and banana plantations, beneath jungle mountains and occasional rock cliffs, through emerald pools and, now and then, over frothy cuts where the banks narrow to squeeze

the river to a faster speed.

As Derek, our helmsman on the Rio Grande, explained it to us, "With me, mon, the river be a little exciting and a lot soothing." James, our pilot on the Martha Brae, put it this way: "You go River Colorado for ulcer, mon; you come here for make peace."

The Rio Grande and the Martha Brae—those are Jamaica's rafting rivers. They are little more than a hundred miles apart, emptying out of the central mountains into the Caribbean on the island's northern shore. The Rio Grande is east of lovely Port Antonio, across a rugged and narrow neck of the country from the capital, while the Martha Brae meets the sea near fascinating Falmouth, an hour's drive out of Montego Bay.

Raft pilots sing out

At Rafter's Rest, beside the Martha Brae, one of the red-shirted pilots sang out to us: "Come on a my raft, my raft a come on; James be my name, and me no dumb, mon." Shades of Rosemary Clooney! Charmed, we chose the enterprising James, paid our \$10.50 for raft and navigator, mounted a high dry bamboo throne, eased out into the smooth, steady current and headed leisurely downriver toward the Caribbean.

Jamaican river rafts are no great, 30-passenger, elaborately equipped monsters such as those used on more turbulent waters. These are

long, narrow affairs, fashioned from a dozen bouyant bamboo logs, 28- to 30-feet long and tapered from wrist-size to the thickness of a man's thigh. Lashed together with hemp and sisal lines and strengthened with bailing wire, they feature a sort of elevated, two-passenger perch aft and an unobstructed deck forward where the pilot (or "captain," as they often call themselves) stands for balance and navigation.

The design has changed "not a peg, mon" for more than two centuries, when such rafts were used by the banana growers to transport great green bunches down river to ships standing just offshore and being loaded for faraway places. Then, only the Rio Grande—Jamaica's largest navigable river—was an aquatic "banana road," and so it remained until the 1940s. That's when the dashing, ubiquitous Errol Flynn discovered Jamaica, found Port Antonio, bought Navy Island out in the harbor and—given his natural bent for changing the established order wherever he went—determined to make a sport out of the theretofore commercial river rafting.

Flynn's fun idea quickly caught on, and the imaginative Jamaica Tourist Board, realizing it had a good thing, began organization of the new pastime and promoted it all over the island and, inevitably, in Stateside tourism circles. The Tourist Board has since turned over to the "captains" the new tourist

attractions on both rivers.

Having arrived at launch-site from one's accommodations in Port Antonio, Montego Bay or Ocho Rios, one purchases a ticket (\$14 for the longer, Rio Grande trip) and is transported to dockside or river bank for actual embarkation. Most hotels will, if asked the night before, prepare box lunches for snacks along either river, although it is less necessary along the Martha Brae than on the Rio Grande. At journey's end, your raft ticket entitles you to transportation back to your point of departure, where your tour

bus or car waits to take you back to your hotel.

The Martha Brae, winding shoreward through sugarcane fields and bauxite digs, near settlements of several sizes, is cozier and more gardened and peopled than the Rio Grande. James even pulled over once so we could swim in an azure bowl and again when thirst beckoned us to a riverbank soft drink stand, as a score of other rafts drifted by en route to the end of the line.

On the Rio Grande, by contrast, we encountered only four other craft

Shells and carvings for sale in a village along the Martha Brae River





A rest stop on the bank of the Rio Grande

floating on that longer, broader "banana road." It's a cruise of more than seven miles and three hours from launch site to the mouth of the river. Naked children frolicked at the stream's edge while their mothers, often nude to the waist, washed the family wardrobe.

People sound like Belafonte

Most of the people we've met in Jamaica somehow manage to sound exactly like Harry Belafonte, and Derek was no exception. Halfway to the sea, he lifted his head toward the banana boughs overhanging the river's edge and gave forth a song, of which this quatrain was the chorus:

*Carry me banana bunch to da
markit;*

*All da people come to feel um up;
But, not a quattae worth me sell,
Not a quattae worth me sell.*

The real truths of Jamaica are found "back of beyond," not in the tourist resorts nor over in the teeming cities. What makes this stunningly beautiful seagirt nation so distinctive lies hidden upstream behind the mountains, deep within the cane fields and banana groves, in the heart of the rugged island.

And it is down those rivers that the life's blood of the land flows, steady and measured. Rafting the Martha Brae and the Rio Grande is a fine way of discovering those truths. Indeed, it may be the *only* way open to outlanders like you and us. □

GLOVE COMPARTMENT

IN WHICH YOU
FIND A LITTLE BIT
OF EVERYTHING
BUT GLOVES

A Hot Time Out in the Cold—Winter enthusiasts can revel in the snow at the St. Paul Winter Carnival, January 27 through February 5. "America's Greatest Winter Spectacular" was begun 92 years ago when a group of St. Paul businessmen decided to counter Eastern newspaper accounts that Minnesota was "another Siberia, unfit for human habitation." The 10 days of fun feature snowmobile races, ice sculpture contests, hockey tourneys, parades, dances, skiing, sledding and ice skating.

Folk Art and Crafts: The Deep South—This is the title of a traveling exhibition of the Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibit Service and the Center of Southern Folklore, a multi-media and research institution in Memphis, Tennessee. The panels will show baskets, paintings, canes, quilts, musical instruments, sculptures and other work of Southern craftsmen. The exhibit's schedule this year is: Galveston (Texas) County Historical Museum through January 15; Tennessee Botanical Gardens and Fine Arts Center, Nashville, March 25-April 23; Jackson (Mississippi) State Historical Museum, July 1-30 and August 19-September 17; Thronateeska Heritage Fund, Albany, Georgia, October 7-November 5; Oklahoma State University's Gardiner Hall Art Gallery, Stillwater, November 25-December 24.

Take a Steamboat Cruise—From January through March, the *Delta Queen* will paddle up the Mississippi from New Orleans beyond Baton Rouge and back to New Orleans on three-night weekend* cruises beginning on Fridays. On Monday a four-night weekday cruise will take passengers from New Orleans to Natchez and back. Minimum fares are \$180 per person for the weekend cruise and \$184 for the weekday. For details, write The Delta Queen Steamboat Company, 511 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202.

Perfect Your Ice Skating—on Pavement!—A new kind of roller skate, called Rools, runs on two wheels under the ball and heel of the foot. Rools, manufactured in West Germany, adjust to shoe sizes 6-10 and support up to 175 pounds. European speed skaters and hockey players practice on Rools, according to the sole American importer, Ruth Dearborn, 42 North Adams Drive, Addison, Illinois 60101.

Grits Is



"I only hope God's wisdom extends to serving grits in heaven — in case I ever have to go there," concludes this Southerner

by William Childress

paintings by Marcus Hamilton

WHEN THE Roll of Beautiful Things is called on Judgment Day, one will outshine all others—hominy grits. Hominy grits, or just plain grits down South, comes from corn, looks like sand and tastes divine.

Long before farming became “agribusiness,” my family fueled up for a hard day in the fields by eating hot bowls of grits topped with yellow chunks of homemade butter. It was a food that stuck to our ribs like cockleburrs to a horse’s tail.

But grits is more than just food. Grits is pearls of great price, a treasure they ought to have known about in Xanadu. Served with coppery slabs of ham, fried eggs, with red-eye gravy adding its own ruby luster, it is a dish fit for kings.

Most important, grits *is*. A Southerner would no more say “grits are good” than he would say “them Cream of Wheat are bland.” And grits is Southern. Of the 140 million pounds of grits sold annually in the United States, two-thirds are bought down in Dixie. But the Yankees get their licks in too. New York and Chicago are the largest grits markets outside the South.

Theories abound as to why grits is a Southern repast. One says that Southerners were poor and grits cheap; another that Dixieites used Indian foods (the first Americans invented hominy by crudely dehulling corn between stones, and the word itself seems to have been derived from the Algonquian “rock-

ahominy” and “tuchahummin,” meaning to grind corn).

All I know is that when I enlisted and was sent to Arizona for training, they’d never heard of grits. Great was my jubilation when I was sent to Gunter Air Force Base in Alabama, where (oh bliss!) the dish was served regularly. When Southerners leave the South, they miss grits—rarely served in restaurants north of the Mason-Dixon line—most of all.

A search of old histories reveals few encomiums about grits, but grits was revered by the famous and infamous alike. You didn’t have to praise grits. Grits *served*, and that was that. One of the few accolades came from G. W. Featherstonehaugh, a Britisher touring Dixie in 1837.

“Breakfast was excellent,” he wrote in his diary. “Admirable coffee with rich cream and that capital South Carolina dish, snow white hominy grits brought hot to table and eaten with lumps of sweet, fresh butter.”

It has always amazed me that there are still people who don’t know what grits is. Actually, it’s one of America’s oldest commercially manufactured foods. The Quaker Oats Company has been making it since 1879 and is by far the biggest grits manufacturer today. But another manufacturer, Ferdinand Schumacher, made grits as early as 1854 under his own name.

A Quaker Oats spokesman says, “Our product line consists of Old

Fashioned Grits (30 minutes cooking time), Quick 5-Minute Grits and our new Instant Grits, to which you simply add boiling water, right in the bowl."

With all due respect to free enterprise, a true grit-o-phile would acclaim the first, dubiously accept the second—and shudder loudly at the third. For the traditionalist, there are marvelous stone-ground "Speckled Hearts" grits—made from the whole corn, including the heart—available by mail from Callaway Gardens, Pine Mountain, Georgia 31822.

There are those who would shun grits but willingly dine on corn flakes. Surprise! Corn flakes, according to Harry Boesch of Kellogg's Battle Creek (Michigan) plant, are a by-product of hominy grits.

Kellogg buys the largest size grits for making cereal. The next size goes to brewers for making beer, and the smallest size goes to make home cookin' grits.

My acquaintance with the delectable dish goes back to the bean-and-biscuit—as opposed to salad—days of my childhood. We were migrant workers and sharecroppers, and grits to us was food for sustaining the body. Add some turnip greens or fried catfish and you had soul food as well.

We had other ways of flavoring the ever-present grits pot. Many a time I would head creekward through the indigo of evening, intent on bagging a squirrel or rabbit. And on Sundays, when I was supposed to be in Sunday school, only the fish knew the truth.

Rising on a goose-bumpy Texas morning to face a day of picking



cotton, Mom would grump at Pop, "You want hominy grits?" and Pop would say, "Hominy grits do I want? A lot!"

Such homely wit brought gales of giggles from us kids, but if we carried on too long Mom or Pop would say, "Y'all hush. Y'ain't supposed to laugh at mealtimes."

We're scattered to the four winds now but I'll bet that to this day Glenda, David and Helen still wear solemn expressions when addressing their "vittles."

I could never stay serious when something tasted good enough to sing about, and I still hum when I eat grits. I did so on a recent visit to my folks. It drove them up the wall.

"Forty-three years' old," Mom complained, "and you still ain't learned no manners."

Maybe not, Mom, but I learned to write great poetry. And since it's high time somebody gave grits its rightful place in literary history, I patriotically offer the following (to the tune of "Dixie" of course):

*Well, folks up North,
Can sally forth,
And buy their gourmet groceries,
Us Southern wits,
Will stick to grits,
And other Dixie sorceries!*



Grits. Can anything so mirror the Southern character? I've had the dish (I refuse to call grits a cereal even if the USDA does) all my life and never tired of it once. Grits and fried squirrel. Grits and catfish. Grits and grits! I only hope God's wisdom extends to serving grits in heaven—in case I ever have to go there.

* * *

The paucity of recipes in today's cookbooks is proof enough that there are strong anti-grits forces at work in America. This is due to a couple of things: Folks don't know how to cook 'em, and they don't know how to eat 'em. The following recipes ought to help:

Fried Grits

Cook one cup grits in 4 cups of boiling broth made from pork bones, salted to taste. Pour cooked mixture in loaf pan and chill overnight

in refrigerator. Slice firmed mixture into half-inch slices, dip each one in well-beaten egg, then in flour, and brown quickly in hot fat to cover. Serve with syrup or eggs.

Grits Soufflé

4 cups cooked grits

2 cups milk

Salt to taste

8 eggs, separated

When grits is done, let it cool to room temperature. Preheat the oven to 350°. Bring the milk to a boil and stir it into the grits. Add salt. Beat the egg yolks and stir them into the grits mixture.

Whip the egg whites until stiff and fold them into the mixture. Butter a two-quart baking dish not more than six inches high and pour the mixture into it. Set the dish in a pan of hot water and bake 45 minutes to one hour. Serve immediately. Makes 8-12 portions.

Goosecreek Grits

Pour 1 cup grits slowly into 4½ cups boiling, salted water and cook over lower heat about 30 minutes, stirring often to prevent sticking. Cool slightly. Melt ½ pound of butter and ¾ of a 4-ounce garlic cheese roll and add to cooled grits. Beat 2 eggs and combine with ½ cup of milk and slowly stir into grits, along with a pinch of cayenne pepper. Pour into a greased baking dish; top with remaining grated cheese roll. Sprinkle 1 cup cornflakes over top of grits. Bake 45 minutes at 350°. Serves 8. □



Brass Rings and Rubber Washers

by Harriet Agnew Moir

paintings by John Killmaster

THE TAP-SHUFFLE, tap-shuffle rhythm of a dead branch bouncing and scraping against a tree trunk transports me instantly across the years to my childhood home in a rural community in Illinois.

Every Saturday evening, at 5:45 o'clock on the dot, the preacher came to call. It all began shortly after he moved to our little village. In true ministerial fashion, the new preacher made a list of his parishioners and began calling on each family unannounced to get acquainted. My father was a country doctor and all of us, six children and two parents, were faithful Sunday



School goes and church attenders. Mother was the backbone of the Ladies' Aid; Dad was on the Board of Trustees, and we children sang in the choir or ushered.

The preacher gradually worked his way down the list of church families and came to our house one windy Saturday evening about dark. He was a tall, gaunt-looking man of middle age. He had graying hair, mild blue eyes, and he walked with a limp. He was never without his cane; the tap-shuffle, tap-shuffle of his odd gait identified him as he made his way along the sidewalk and up the steps of our long front porch.



Mother was just taking the pan of baked beans from the oven, and my sister Marion and I had set the table and filled the milk glasses. Coleslaw was already on the table, and Mother's fat raisin-dotted cinnamon rolls, baked that morning along with six loaves of bread, rested on the sideboard.

The preacher relinquished his coat and muffler to Ted, my oldest brother, and sank back into Mother's wicker rocker. Mother, appearing from the kitchen, hesi-

tated only a moment.

"We were about to sit down to supper," she said to the preacher, "and we'd love to have you join us."

He didn't even demur, and I quickly added another set of silver and an extra plate to the round oak dining table and stage-whispered to Marion to get out a fresh linen napkin. The nine of us sat down and, holding hands, asked our communal blessing on the food before us.

We six children always did plenty of talking, with Mother overseeing

our table manners and Dad interjecting an occasional comment; but at this particular meal we deferred for a time to our reverend guest who spoke of people he'd known and places he'd been. He said that Yosemite bloomed with poppies like a golden sea, and we could picture it clearly. He had even shaken hands once with Calvin Coolidge.

Gradually we reverted to our usual high mealtime spirits. Mother came in for her share of teasing. It happened that the previous weekend Donald, a sophomore and our resident naturalist, had found a full-grown horned owl in a hedgerow a mile north of our house. It must have gotten in the way of a hunter for it had an injured wing. Donald managed to slip a gunny sack over its head and brought it home, where he splinted the wing and installed the bird in a cage concocted from a wooden box and some screenwire.

Monday morning, we told the preacher, Mother went down to the basement to start a fire in the laundry stove. There, right in the middle of the bottom step, sat Horny the Owl. When Mother tried to squeeze past him, he glared at her (so she said) and flapped his good wing threateningly. Mother wasn't easily intimidated, but finally had to go to the telephone and call the high school to request that Donald be allowed to come home and put the owl back in its cage. The principal was amused and the story was soon all over school.

Mother laughed a little sheepishly as we told the story, but then she said, "That bird put an 'evil eye' on me! It's no laughing matter!"

"No, indeed," agreed the preacher, "It's no laughing matter—but you *might* say it's an 'owl.'"

We children were speechless—for a change. The preacher had topped us! During the rest of the meal he sat quietly and listened while he relished our mother's good food and hot black tea.

The meal over, the boys cleared the table and Marion and I washed the dishes while Mother and Dad visited with the preacher in the living room. The preacher's eyes and ears didn't miss a thing from the kitchen. When he got up to leave, he told my mother that he didn't know when he had enjoyed himself so much.

The following Saturday at a quarter to six o'clock, we heard the tap-shuffle, tap-shuffle of the preacher's cane as he came up the wooden steps. This time he pulled a copy of *The Atlantic Monthly* from his pocket, saying that he thought the older children might enjoy it. The beans and coleslaw were already on the table, and he cheerfully accepted Mother's invitation to join us at our meal.

Donald had, during the week, suggested awarding a brass ring and rubber washer for the most outrageous pun or most hilarious story at the supper table, and we really outdid ourselves that night.

Marion told about a friend who had a new pet.

"Peggy O'Brien just got a new puppy," she said. "It's as cute as can be, but it yelps all the time."

"What breed is it?" I asked, but before Marion could answer, John broke in.

"It must be an oriental breed—it speaks in Yapanese!"

We all groaned.

The preacher asked

Donald if he had had to make any more trips home from school to rescue Mother from Horny the Owl.

"No," Donald replied, "but I expect his wing will have healed enough by next weekend so I can let



him go. Now that corn-picking time is about over, he'll be able to find plenty of field mice."

He waited a moment and then added, "He stalks them."

"That's corny," I said.

"Ear, 'ear!" exclaimed Allen.

"Oh, shucks!" said Ted.

"Tassle be enough!" roared the preacher.

This time Mother groaned and we children shouted with laughter. At the end of the meal we gleefully voted the preacher the winner of the brass ring and rubber washer.

"Pun my word, I don't know when I've had such an enjoyable time," responded the preacher.

After that, the saying amongst us was that you could set your clock by the preacher on Saturday evening. We began to look forward to his coming. We knew he was married, but it didn't occur to us to wonder why he chose to eat with us instead of at his own home. Perhaps we thought he paid other parish calls this way. He had some excuse at first, for dropping in—a proposed sermon topic, or something about the music for the next church service. Soon, however, he simply came.

One Saturday evening as we were finishing up the puffy cinnamon rolls spread with the butter we had churned that morning, The Preacher drank the last of his tea and set the cup firmly on its saucer. He turned to my mother.

"Mrs. Agnew," he announced, "I have a confession to make.

"It is not merely by chance that I come to your house on Saturday evening," he continued. "As you know, my wife is an invalid and we were never blessed with children. My wife's sister has lived with us for years, to care for her. When I first sat at your table and partook of your delicious meal, listening to the conversation and camaraderie, I realized for the first time what I had missed by not having a family. So I, in effect, borrowed yours. I cannot tell you what these Saturday evenings have meant to me. They have refreshed me so that I rise on Sunday with an eagerness that has been missing in my life. My wife has noticed it, too. I like to think that my sermons have been the better for it. I thank you for sharing your family with me."

The preacher was our guest many a Saturday after that, until the district superintendent transferred him, as was the custom, to another church some 200 miles away. We never saw him again, but his yearly Christmas card to my parents always mentioned Mother's cinnamon rolls and the brass ring and rubber washer award.

Mother and Dad are gone now, and the preacher, too, these many years. But the tap-shuffle, tap-shuffle of a dead branch brushing against a pine tree telescopes Time and I am once again a child, holding hands with my family around the supper table, with the preacher in our midst. □

FAIRMONT FUTURA:



A Two-Door Turn-On



by Cara L. Kazanowski

AS ONE top Ford Motor Company executive said, "The Fairmont Futura has pizzaz. It's a new combination of luxury and technology for 1978... and beyond."

Distinguished by a stunning design and a high level of exterior and interior appointments, the

Futura is an expensive-looking but surprisingly affordable sporty coupe. Introduced at Ford dealerships in December, this new two-door personal specialty car comfortably and elegantly accommodates five passengers.

The turn-on begins outside,

thanks to its rakish new grille with dual rectangular headlamps, slanted rear-end treatment with wrap-around taillamps and wrapover roof pillars. Also standard on Futura are bright lower bodyside moldings with vinyl inserts, bright belt moldings and window frames, bright left-hand mirror and distinctive horizontal louvers in the middle roof pillars. A hood ornament, bodyside/roof wrapover paint stripes and deluxe wheel covers provide extra class.

Inside designer touches include bucket seats upholstered in pleated vinyl, instrument panel with handsome woodtone appliqué, deluxe steering wheel hub, color-keyed safety belts, inside hood release and deluxe sound package.

The standard powerteam for

Unique style-mounting for mirror complements Futura's body lines



Sporty bucket seats are standard on Futura with 2.3-litre engine

Futura is a 2.3-litre engine and a floor-mounted four-speed manual transmission. Front disc brakes and rack-and-pinion steering also are standard.

Among the options designed especially for Futura are vinyl roof with two-piece design and Tu-Tone paint treatment available in seven different color combinations including Creme/Light Gold, White/Medium Chestnut, Silver Metallic/Medium Grey and Light Chamois/Dark Brown.

Optional turbine wheel covers are color-keyed with the vinyl roof, or, when no vinyl roof is ordered, with the interior.

Futuras pictured on these pages feature one or more of the following options: vinyl roof, turbine wheel covers, Interior Decor Group, white sidewall tires, Deluxe Bumper Group, AM/FM stereo radio and air conditioning. □

CRUISING VAN OF THE MONTH

JANUARY'S WINNING entry in the contest for converted Ford Cruising Vans is called the Silver Eagle by its owner, James R. Young of Green Lane, Pennsylvania.

If you've added a personal touch to your Cruising Van and feel it's worth showing off, send us color photos or slides of your vehicle. We will award a top-of-the-line, 40-channel Kraco citizen's band radio to each winner.

Pictures should show exteriors and interiors and will be judged on their suitability for FORD TIMES as well as the imagination, originality and ingenuity of the conversion. FORD TIMES is particu-

larly interested in seeing how owners have customized the interiors of their Cruising Vans.

Please do not include people in the pictures. Persons submitting pictures must own the photographed vehicle wholly or in part. All photographs used become the property of Ford Motor Company. Entries will not be returned unless accompanied by postage. Send entries to Ford Cruising Van Conversions, Ford Motor Company, Room 332, 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Michigan 48121.



Many of the items shown on winning vans are available through retail organizations and establishments not connected with Ford Motor Company. The availability, price, quality and durability of these items rest solely with their manufacturers and sales organizations.



The Artifacts of Slavery

Some of the best examples are being found
where their worth is not always fully appreciated

by John Woodford

IT TOOK a fairly long time for art historians and collectors of antiques to realize that the slaves brought to America from Africa did more with their hands than pick cotton. Today, as the country takes a closer look at the roots of American ethnic groups, the search is on for the things the slaves made—the artifacts of slavery.

There is much to be found, for a great amount of the craftwork done during the more than two centuries of slavery in this country was done by slaves, mainly in the South, but in the North as well. Cedric Dover, an art historian, estimates that by the end of the Civil War, 100,000 of the 120,000 known skilled work-

ers in the South were black slaves.

But because slave craftsmanship was long ignored, not to say denied, experts think that the most interesting and valuable slave artifacts are still lying in private homes and unpretentious antique shops where their worth is not always fully appreciated.

Only recently, shoppers for curios found wonderfully sewn slave-made dolls in a Harrison, Michigan, shop and a cupboard in an antique shop in Glasgow, Kentucky.

Of course, many fine slave arti-

*Part of collection of slave artifacts
in the Old Slave Mart Museum,
Charleston, South Carolina. Photos
right, page 40 by Leonard P. Johnson*



facts have already been collected or acknowledged. They range from simple tools like the iron cane knives and humble shanties at the Louisiana State University Rural Life Museum in Baton Rouge to the exquisite cast and wrought iron work in Charleston, South Carolina, and New Orleans and the elegant Old Courthouse in Vicksburg, Mississippi, now the Old Courthouse Museum.

Collectors and scholars are interested in some slave artifacts simply because they provide a material record of history. Slaves formed most of the work force in the foundries of the antebellum South, for example, so the patterns they made for gears and machinery have been collected by the Old Slave Mart Museum in Charleston, South Carolina, which has the country's only significant collection of slave artifacts. Many similar objects, unusual only because slaves made them, are still "at large."

Other slave antiques, however, are valued mainly for their beauty of design and high-quality workmanship. The slaves came from West African states whose reputations for artisanship in metal, wood and leather; weaving; basket-making; pottery, and musical instruments have gained world renown in this century.

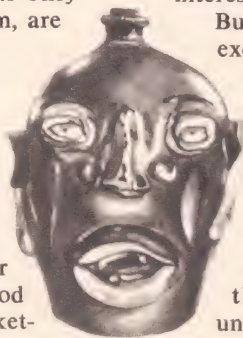
It took little shrewdness for the plantation owners or artisans who owned slaves to exploit their slaves' traditional skills or to apprentice the slaves to European craftsmen for further training.

Exhibits and photographs in the Old Slave Mart Museum, a national historic landmark that once served as a slave auction-mart, and in the minor collections in many Southern museums, show the variety of the skilled handiwork of slave men and women.

Dazzlingly designed "Op Art" quilts and bedspreads, unglazed pottery, tinily stitched petticoats, clocks with carved figures and many pieces of perfectly joined and simply designed furniture whose austere style has been compared to Danish Modern—these are but a few of the articles that museums and other collectors of folk art are interested in.

But the slave artifacts that excite historians, anthropologists and knowledgeable collectors are those that show survivals of African culture, or "Africanisms," in their designs and in the ways in which they were made. A splendid carved cane in the Old Slave Mart's unappraised collection has alone been insured for \$3,000.

Judith Wragg Chase, curator of



the Old Slave Mart Museum, warns hobbyists, however, that it takes an eye trained in West African art to recognize the carryovers from African culture in slave artifacts.

Most examples of Africanisms, she says, are in articles the slaves made for themselves, such as rice fan-ners, weaving shuttles, yard tools, rice scoops, pipes, canes, the little ceramic vessels with faces on them reminiscent of African masks, string and percussion instruments, indigo-dyed homespun clothing, chairs with seats woven of corn shucks, baskets made in the "coil" method, fishing nets and wood carvings in which an adze, instead of a knife, was used.

These items—a very small number of which are still being made in a traditional way in isolated areas of the South—tell us much about the impact of one culture on another, not to mention the withering effect of slavery on a given culture.

Art historians like Professor Robert Farris Thompson of Yale

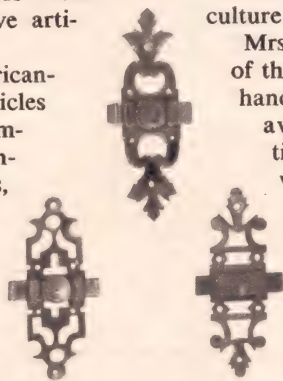
University use these Africanist objects in a sense as laboratories in which they study the emergence of our many-sided American culture.

Mrs. Chase feels that "most of the best examples of slave handiwork are still hidden away in private collections—some cherished by white people as part of their own family history and others handed down as heirlooms in black families." Her book, *Afro-American Art and Craft*, (Van Nostrand Reinhold, 1971) is indispensable to

anyone newly interested in studying or collecting slave artifacts.

Other information on where slave artifacts can be seen, bought and read about is being published in this winter's *Southern Folklore Quarterly*. The issue, entitled "Afro-American Material Culture," can be obtained from the Center for Southern Folklore, 1216 Peabody Avenue, P.O. Box 4081, Memphis, Tennessee 38104.

White craftsmen, angered by the unbeatable competition presented by slaves and free blacks, whose wages were nominal, began as early as the 1700s to try to bar blacks from the crafts. Over the centuries, this movement succeeded in the main, and as a result of this "slavery and crypto-slavery," as Professor Thompson calls it, the tradi-



Opposite: Plantation clock in Louisiana State Museum collection and ceramic face vessel (bottom) from a New York collection; wrought iron latches also in Louisiana State Museum. Photos courtesy of Index of American Design, National Gallery of Art



tional African survivals declined in American folk craft. But that the tradition was even established is noteworthy.

"Mankind must applaud Afro-American art in the United States for its sheer existence," Professor Thompson says, "because it shows that creative vision persisted in the face of a system designed to make children forever of men." □

Left: Slave dolls from the Junque Shop in Harrison, Michigan. Below: Baskets woven in African "coil" method and chair with corn husk seat





Take a Tour of Tropical Texas

by Hal Butler

paintings by Clarence Kincaid

THERE is a portion of the Lone Star State known affectionately, to Texans anyway, as Tropical Texas. When I first heard the expression it gave me a moment of pause. *Tropical Texas?* Texas, to me, meant cowboys, cattle, dusty plains, dude ranches, the Hill Country. Where, in the vast expanses of this huge state, were the tropics?

Most dictionaries describe the tropics as that region lying between the Tropic of Cancer and the Tropic of Capricorn, and these two parallels are $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ north and $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ south of the equator. Even Texas, big as it is, doesn't reach *that* far south. But then, that's being stuffy

and technical, and if you want to consider any region having palm trees and warm weather as tropical, then Texas has such a place.

For the northern visitor heading south, Tropical Texas roughly forms an isosceles triangle with its northernmost point in the vicinity of Corpus Christi on the Gulf of Mexico. One of the triangle's sides extends 120 miles down the Gulf coast to the Rio Grande that separates the United States from Mexico, the second runs 90 miles west through the Rio Grande Valley and the third returns in a 120-mile line back up to Corpus Christi.

In this three-sided area of south-

ern Texas, the traveler who likes a tropical, or at least semitropical, setting can find everything he desires for a pleasant vacation.

What is especially tempting about this area is that not many people seem to know about it yet. Although there are a few luxury hotels sprouting up in spots, the region is not overdeveloped. One can walk for miles along open beaches without seeing another human being; commune with wildlife that hasn't been frightened away by noisy construction equipment; sample small towns with Mexican overtones along the Rio Grande; savor weather that is roughly equivalent to that in Miami, and find accommodations with rates that have not yet escalated out of sight. So let's take an armchair tour of Tropical Texas.

Refuge abounds in wildlife

We begin at Aransas National Wildlife Refuge, about 40 miles up the coast from Corpus Christi. Here, on 54,000 acres of salt flats and marshes, are 300 species of waterfowl and song birds to be seen and admired by visitors.

The largest list of birds ever tallied in this country in one day (204 species) was counted at Aransas, and the collection included sandhill cranes, caracara, white-tailed hawks, wild turkeys, white ibises, egrets, herons, black-necked stilts and roseate spoonbills.

During the fall, as many as 35,000 Canada geese fly from their

summer homes to spend the winter at Aransas. Pintails, mallards and teal have numbered 120,000. But most important of all are the nearly extinct whooping cranes. It is estimated that only 56 of these birds exist in the wild today, and they winter at Aransas.

At Port Aransas, near the wildlife refuge, the deep-sea fisherman will be in his glory. This fishing village is on Mustang Island, which separates the Gulf of Mexico from Corpus Christi Bay, and is reached by causeway from the mainland. Kingfish, shark, ling, sailfish and mackerel abound in the waters.

Corpus Christi, itself, is worth a look. Despite its ranking as a major seaport, it looks more like a summer resort. The many white and pink buildings remind one of Bermuda, and the city is one of the cleanest in the country. A drive south on Shoreline Boulevard will take you through a fine residential area. And for those who like museums, there are two: the Corpus Christi Museum, which contains wildlife and historical exhibits, and the Art Museum of South Texas. Do drop in at Bill Bailey's, a nightclub that features singing waiters and waitresses and some outstanding jazz.

Before leaving Corpus Christi, consider a side trip. Two elongated barrier islands—Padre Island and South Padre Island—stretch like tight rubber bands along the Texas coast from Corpus Christi to Port

Isabel, at the mouth of the Rio Grande. They can be reached by causeway from either city and are worth exploration, but there is no through highway on the islands.

Crossing to Padre Island from Corpus Christi, one can drive a few miles along some of the last wilderness seashore on this continent. But 69 miles of this stretch have been set aside as Padre Island National Seashore, and this desolate area can be explored only on foot or with a four-wheel-drive vehicle. Fishing, swimming, beach-combing and picnicking can be enjoyed along the seashore, but lodging is offered only at the

northern and southern tips of the two barren islands.

Along Highway 77, which you'll take from Corpus Christi to Brownsville on the Mexican border, you'll want to visit the famous King Ranch near Kingsville. The 860,000-acre King Ranch is renowned for its development of the Santa Gertrudis breed of cattle. Founded by Richard King, a New Yorker, the ranch is 124 years old. Visitors can stop at the gate, obtain a map and take a self-guided tour along a 12-mile-long loop road that gives the non-Texan a glimpse of Western life.

Harlingen, located in the lower



Rio Grande Valley, is another interesting stop on the way to the border. Among its enticements is the nationally famous Confederate Air Force. This so-called air force—"Confederate" only in the sense that it's in the South—has the world's largest collection of World War II aircraft still in flying condition. Flight demonstrations are staged occasionally, and each fall there is an airshow to end all airshows. It includes aerobatic performers, racing and the staging of World War II air battles.

Brownsville southernmost city

Just below Harlingen is Brownsville, Texas' southernmost city. This attractive town is about as tropical as you can get. It is smothered in lush greenery, and nature has decorated it colorfully with a profusion of plants such as poinsettia, bougainvillea, hibiscus, jacaranda, royal poinciana and orchids. In addition, fine citrus orchards—orange, grapefruit, lemon and lime—lie almost within the city limits.

Poised on the border, with the Mexican city of Matamoros just across the Rio Grande, Brownsville has inherited many of Mexico's social customs, including even that gentle protest against the passage of time—the siesta.

For travelers who like to shop in an exotic atmosphere, a trip to Matamoros is a chance not to be missed. The handicrafts of Mexico are readily available in stores

that run the gamut from tiny curio shops to expansive marketplaces. Here you can buy handmade baskets, exquisitely fashioned pottery, handtooled leather purses and belts, huaraches (leather sandals braided into many intricate designs), sarapes (used by Mexicans as overcoats or bedrolls, but which also make excellent shawls, blankets or throw rugs) as well as jewelry that runs in price from a few pesos to out-of-sight. And if you're in either Brownsville or Matamoros just before Lent, you'll witness a colorful four-day celebration called Charro (Cowboy) Days.

One place that is a must for every visitor to Brownsville is the Gladys Porter Zoo. Harboring



1,500 mammals, birds and reptiles, this 26½-acre zoological park is one of the most unusual zoos in the world because its primary purpose is the preservation of animals on the endangered species list. The zoo was the brainchild of Gladys Porter who, with her husband, made repeated safaris to various parts of the world to collect animals facing extinction. The Porters' goal was to offer the animals a survival center where they could live and multiply in peace.

Today, 10 years after its founding, the zoo has one of the largest collections of rare creatures in the world and has already won awards and world acclaim for its successful breeding program. The list of endangered animals at the zoo includes the gila monster, Siberian tiger, square-lipped rhinoceros, bontebok, Cuban crocodile, cheetah, jaguar, polar bear, trumpeter swan and pygmy hippopotamus.

Traveling west from Brownsville along the Rio Grande will take you to the border towns of Mercedes, McAllen, Mission and a host of others—all of them close enough to the Mexican border to have assumed some of the South-of-the-Border lifestyle. This lower Rio Grande Valley is also a haven for migrating birds, and just outside McAllen is the Santa Ana National Wildlife Refuge, home for such rarely seen birds as the kiskadee flychaser, gray hawk, green jay and black-



breasted titmouse.

When you've reached the western boundary of Tropical Texas, about 90 miles from Brownsville, it's easy to return to Corpus Christi or to head due north on U.S. 281 toward San Antonio, Waco, Austin, Fort Worth and Dallas.

There will come a time, no doubt, when Tropical Texas, particularly the coastal section, is a tangled mass of condominiums and resort hotels reaching for the sky.

If the region could be maintained as it is, with only a minimum of what is called progress allowed, it could be a perennial panacea for the hectic American seeking solace. But people will find Tropical Texas and exploit it—and eventually overrun it. So if you like warm weather, the sea, exotic towns and genuine relaxation, go now, before it changes its pleasant face. □

For information, write to Tropical Texas, P.O. Box 975, Weslaco, Texas 78560.



Editor's note: Leading up to the observance of Ford Motor Company's 75th anniversary this year in June, FORD TIMES is reprinting each month one story from among the finest we have published. "Ice Skating . . . The Universal Sport," by Frederic A. Birmingham, is the eighth in our series. It appeared in the issue of December 1970.



Ice Skating . . . The Universal Sport

Gliding on ice belongs to the ages. Its charms—the same today as in ancient times when skates were made from the bones of animals—are the stuff from which memories are made

by Frederic A. Birmingham

Skating on ice just has to be the most carefree sport of them all. If you have never skated, it is difficult to imagine the release that comes to you out there on the ice. Tension, worries,

everyday cares slip away.

Suddenly you are free of all shackles, skimming along many times faster than the world's fleetest sprint champion, and every little push sends you faster and faster. The cool wind brushes your face. The scenery blurs into a modern painting. You are literally out of this world, and into another which has captured the secret of making you forget your troubles.

But that is only the first of three delights ice skating has to offer. Skating is also an adventure of place. This small miracle of the ice is open to all. It takes only a small pond, some brisk weather, a pair of skates with the edges as keen as steak knives, and the winter world is yours.

Find your favorite pond, and make sure it's a lovely one, edged by wooded slopes, and with a glimpse of hills beyond and farmhouses dotting the scene. But then find others, too. Vary the scene when you go skating and try to make at least two stops, and more if you can. And save an hour or so every week to go and look for other places or talk to youngsters who know the secrets of each neighborhood.

And then, begin to discover the third delight of ice skating. And that is how the sights and sounds of the sport will never leave you while you live. Every winter afternoon for the rest of your life will bring back marvelous memories of wonderful afternoons on the ice, and raise your appetite for more.

I couldn't help thinking of this recently when I went to Randolph Center, Vermont, to visit some old friends, and, of course, to find some out-of-the-way nook in that lovely state for a turn on the ice.

On this particular day, the scene was taken over by youth in its prime. I was watching the students of Vermont Technical College, who had cleared the ice on an outdoor basketball

court with a tractor, and were winging about on their blades as if born to this kind of locomotion, which in a sense all Vermonters are.

The sounds of rock music, rising from a dozen portable radios, dated the moment in 1970, but (how they would hate me for suggesting it!) the laughing boys and girls, long-haired and self-consciously Edwardian in their mod styles, suggested nothing more than a scene a hundred years ago under those very same stars.

I said as much to one of my dearest friends, a born Vermonter whose family line goes back to the American Indian. She is Mrs. Emilie Grow Steele, a lady in her eighties, but one of the youngest people I know. Her black eyes sparkled, and she laughed her still girlish laugh.

Mrs. Steele told me of the skating ritual of her days in Springfield, Vermont, when she attended the Eureka School as a member of the class of '89, when all the world was young. I wish you could have seen her dancing eyes and have met the girl still so very much a part of her, as this lady told how they skated at Eureka in those days. Next door to the school was Hubbard Pond, owned by the family of that name who supplied over half the students at the school. In winter the several Hubbard boys kept the pond shoveled, and all the scholars flocked there every recess and lunch hour to skate. The girls, it seemed, weren't attracted to the skating as such, but *loved* having the boys take over the masculine duties of adjusting their skates. At nearby Spencer Hollow there was a larger pond which offered romantic evening skating parties. While you rested from skating, you tended the huge bonfire, and watched the shadows cast by its light—figures of misshapen skating giants crossing the screen of pine trees at the pond's edge.

I, in turn, told my companion of Cooperstown, New York, where the girl I eventually married used to sneak away from

the boring security of the tennis-court skating rink provided by her finishing school and meet me at James Fenimore Cooper's favorite lake; and I would propel her across the ice in an armchair built on runners, a princess amused by her serf. I mentioned the lovely little pond on the outskirts of Pleasantville, New York, perhaps the most charming skating spot in the whole area, recently obliterated by what is blandly termed progress—meaning that some giant pipeline had to go through that irreplaceable spot.

But mostly I shared a winter's adventure with Mrs. Steele close to the top of Mt. Washington, New Hampshire's highest peak, because I knew that she, too, had climbed it many times in the past. Once again, I was skating there, on the Lake of the Clouds, as I did every year as a youth just before the blizzards covered the mountain too deep in snow even for skiing. And once again the great canyons were thousands of feet below me, the Great Gulf, the Lion's Head rockwall, and Tuckerman and Huntingdon ravines.

S-s-s-s-s-k went our skates and the sun (or the moonlight if we were really lucky) showered down over a view enough to last for one boy's lifetime.

To the east, the Atlantic Ocean—the waves glittering at me from nearly 100 miles away, where Champlain first looked from the deck of his ship and saw these snow-topped mountains and called them White. To the west, the long Green Mountains and the myriad lakes of Vermont, and New York's rugged Adirondack peaks beyond. And southward, the hills and valleys of Massachusetts and Connecticut.

And above it all, a boy cutting figure eights on the ice, with the whole shining world at his feet!

And when did it all begin? Thousands of years ago with the first halting attempts of a Norseman to propel himself along

the ice with sticks, his feet on skates made of bone. Fitz-Stephen, the historian, notes that even in the 12th century, kids would propel themselves with pointed staves "with as great rapidity as a bird flying, or a bolt discharged from a crossbow."

The Scandinavians and Dutch both claim they were the first to make the most of their cold winters by perfecting some



form of locomotion on ice. But at least the word "skate" is from the Dutch "schaats," so perhaps they have the last word. And those of us who admire the immortal paintings of Breughel, the 16th century Flemish master, will recall that always in his fascinating winter scenes are the muffled and lumpy figures of his peasants disporting themselves on the ice or carrying home bundles of faggots for the hearth.

Back in the mid-1800s, as many as 20,000 New Yorkers would gather in Central Park on a single evening. When the horse cars and omnibuses flew the flag with the red ball in the center, people for miles around cried, "The flag is up!" and everyone hurried to the park. Currier & Ives lovingly portrayed the scene—fur-wrapped parties arriving in horse drawn sleighs; out on the ice, beautifully garbed ladies and gentlemen skating to music, at

night under the glow of calcium lights.

The true presiding genius of the flashing blades was one Jackson Haines, who materialized as the Nijinsky of the ice at about the time of our Civil War. He was a dancing master in a time when most of his pupils abandoned ballet for bullets. So he traveled to Vienna, the land of the waltz, and he brought music and skating together. We can thank him for the graceful figures one can cut on ice, and that no one still skates with arms folded and body stiff as a ramrod. His fluid style, set to music, flowed all over Europe, was copied in Canada, and eventually swept the United States.

In our own time, the charm and flawless technique of Sonja Henie put the idea of ice skating into every moppet's mind. And with her came the era of the great ice spectacles.

On my way back from Vermont to my home in the Pennsylvania Poconos, I remembered a skating story my father had once told me long ago.

He grew up on a farm in Massachusetts, and, like many country boys, he was obliged to do the morning chores around the barns—particularly the services to the cattle. But one winter morning when he arose at dawn, after a cold night following a thaw, the entire countryside was covered with ice strong enough for skating—paths, roads, fields, hills and river! He whipped out his skates, lashed them on and started out across the country. Here was a skating rink as wide as the horizons, with a red sun rising to tell all that the flag was up.

That is how I like to think of him best. As a skater. The cows bawling and mooing in the barn, deserted by their morning-servitor. And the boy, drenched in the red glow of dawn on snow and ice, winging it over hill and dale, with the whole shining world at his feet!

□



Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS BY NANCY KENNEDY



ROOF RESTAURANT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

This new restaurant is high above downtown Salt Lake City atop the Hotel Utah. Dishes are prepared to order and all diners have a view of the city, including the historic state capitol and the illuminated spires of the famed Mormon Temple. There is dinner music every evening. French chef Ray Cortello presides over the kitchen. Dinner is served every evening except Sunday at the Roof Restaurant. Reservations necessary. The hotel also offers breakfast and lunch in other dining rooms and there are overnight accommodations. The hotel is downtown at Main and South Temple streets.

SIMON HOUSE GLENDALE, WISCONSIN

William Everding is the owner-manager of this handsome restaurant about 10 miles north of Milwaukee, just off I-43. Lunch and dinner are served daily; the restaurant is closed most holidays. In the summer months there is outdoor dining in the courtyard. Reservations necessary. The address is 400 West Silver Spring Drive.

BAKED SHRIMP A LA MAURICE

- 28 large raw, cleaned shrimp
- $\frac{1}{4}$ pound butter
- 3 tablespoons parsley, chopped
- 1 teaspoon garlic salt
- 2 ounces soy sauce
- 1 pound sliced banana
- 2 cups cooked wild rice

BROCCOLI MOUSSE

- 2 pounds broccoli
- 1 quart chicken stock
- 3 tablespoons plain gelatin
- 2 tablespoons chopped, cooked egg whites
- 2 tablespoons chopped pimento
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
- 1 pint whipping cream

Cook broccoli to crisp state; then chop fine and add to stock. Dissolve gelatin in water and add to broccoli mixture. Cool in refrigerator. Blend egg whites, pimento, salt and pepper. Beat cream until it starts to peak; fold stock, condiments and whipped cream together. Pour into oiled 6-quart mold. Chill and serve. Makes 12 portions.

Place butter, parsley, soy sauce and garlic salt in a mixing bowl. Whip for approximately 3 minutes. Butterfly the shrimp, being careful not to cut through. Place a little garlic butter in the wedge of the shrimp and wrap each with 1 strip of bacon. Broil until brown. Then bake in 400° oven for about 15 minutes. Serve on bed of wild rice. Serves 4.

FUDGE BOTTOM PIE

Melt 4 ounces unsweetened chocolate, add $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of coffee, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of milk. Stir over low heat until smooth. Pour into a 10-inch graham cracker crust. Allow to cool. Add 12 ounces boiled custard and chill for 30 minutes. Top with whipped cream.



PERONA FARMS ANDOVER, NEW JERSEY

The third generation of the Perona family owns and operates this country inn that began 60 years ago and has been a boarding house and training camp for sports figures such as Luis Firpo and Joe DiMaggio. It is in Sussex County on Route 517 about 40 miles west of New York City. Open for breakfast, lunch, dinner and Sunday brunch. Overnight accommodations. Closed on Mondays. Reservations advisable.

STUFFED FILET OF LEMON SOLE

6 9-ounce skinned filets of lemon sole
Stuffing: In 4 tablespoons of butter,

sauté 1 medium onion chopped, ½ pound fresh chopped mushrooms, 1 teaspoon minced parsley. Salt, pepper and Ac'cent, to taste. Then add 1½ cups crabmeat to mixture. Butter a 9x12-inch baking dish. Place each filet with former skin side up. Spread stuffing over each filet. Roll filet, starting with small end. Hold with skewer or toothpick. Place in baking dish. Sprinkle with ½ cup dry white wine and 2 tablespoons of lemon juice. Dot with butter, then bake at 350° for 20-25 minutes. Serve topped with 2 cups hot Mornay Sauce (a rich cream sauce flavored with freshly grated Parmesan cheese).

LODGE OF THE FOUR SEASONS LAKE OZARK, MISSOURI

More than 200 acres make up this year-round resort on Lake Ozark in southern Missouri. There are complete vacation facilities—golf, tennis, boating, horseback riding and a complete health spa. Dining rooms are open for breakfast, lunch and dinner every day. Reservations necessary. Take U.S. Highway 54 south from I-70 to Lake Ozark.

CARROT CAKE

2 cups sugar
1½ cups cooking oil
4 eggs
2 cups cake flour
2 teaspoons soda

1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons cinnamon
3 cups grated carrots
1 cup chopped pecans

Put sugar, oil and eggs in a mixing bowl and beat well. Sift the flour, soda, salt and cinnamon together and add to mixture slowly while beating. After it is well blended, add carrots and pecans. Pour batter into 3 greased, 9-inch layer cake pans. Preheat oven to 325° and bake for 30-45 minutes. Cool on racks, then ice with frosting, below.

FROSTING:

Mix ½ pound soft butter with 8 ounces of cream cheese; when well blended, slowly blend in 1 pound of confectioner's sugar and 2 teaspoons vanilla.



The Celery Seed Is on the Third Shelf from the Bottom

(between the Cayenne and the Chili Powder)

by Ginny McReynolds

paintings by Max Altekruise

PEOPLE MAKE jokes about me. Sure, they think it's funny. They think I'm unusual—a real oddity. My dearest friends can't imagine why I would even *want* to wash the soap dish once a week. But, that is only because *they* are not ordered people.

Once, on a date, right after a romantic dinner, while we were sitting on the couch close together watching the logs burn in the fireplace, I proceeded to stack neatly all of the magazines on the coffee table and dust underneath them. What was worse, apparently, was that I could see nothing wrong with this.

At work people ask me to make charts and graphs—not because I am so much better at it than they are, but because they know how much I love doing it. There is nothing as aesthetically pleasing as

the order of a chart or graph.

Of course, I am asked regularly to design the list of office vacations, as well as the staff bulletin board. I say “design” because to me this is what it is. There are many ways to list when people will be out of the office, but there are only a few ways that look truly neat, orderly and artistic.

I smile to myself sometimes at work because my co-workers think I am slightly touched. What they don't realize, of course, is that I am actually controlling my urge to organize everything. Secretly, I would like to tell them all to improve their handwriting, to leave phone messages with all the proper boxes checked and to use coasters so coffee cups don't leave rings on their desks.

I always have considered myself

lucky that I don't have children. It's not that I don't like children. It's just that they are so disorganized. They never pull their socks up. They let their fingers slip out of the holes while dialing phone numbers. They break the most popular crayons and leave colors like "flesh" and "magenta" untouched. They put the same knife into the peanut butter and into the jelly, without ever washing it. They don't pet the dog in the direction its fur grows. And they always want to color the teeth of the people on magazine covers. I am sure my presence in the day-to-day life of a child would either make *me* totally crazy, or force the child to throw together some clothes that don't match and leave home.



Sometimes I drive myself crazy. I can be watching a television program I have waited for weeks to see when I look up and notice a cupboard in the kitchen is slightly ajar. Trying to control my compulsiveness, I think to myself I will wait until the commercial to close it. It doesn't work. I can't take my eyes

off the cupboard. I miss several scenes of the program trying to decide whether I should get up and close it.

I am especially happy when left alone to my own devices. Occasionally my roommate leaves town for a week or two. I love my roommate dearly, but there is nothing as thrilling as knowing I can straighten and clean and organize and plan to my heart's content. I am like a child in a room full of toys. I can spend an entire evening recopying all of the names in my address book. Or sharpening all of the pencils in the house. Or organizing and labeling things in the freezer. Or cleaning out the fireplace. Or re-ordering my bookshelf according to the Dewey Decimal System. I often enjoy an hour of seeing how neatly I can print the alphabet.

Sometimes I think I would actually hire myself out to help people organize their lives. I know people laugh at me when I tell them I keep round vegetables on the right side of the vegetable crisper and long ones on the left, or that instead of throwing away old letters I file them according to the year I met the person who wrote them. Yet, I'm sure these same laughing slobes would secretly love to have someone come in and say, "OK, let's keep all of the rubber bands from newspapers in this drawer and all foods in plastic bags in this corner of the refrigerator." Who wouldn't enjoy having someone make a chart for them listing all

the things that have to be done this week and when to do them? Or someone to reopen the mailbox slot to make sure the letter went down? I guess there is probably someone out there who is truly committed to disorganization, but most people would love to hang around with a person who knows a practical method of grouping items on a shopping list so that you never have to go to the same aisle twice.

One advantage of all this efficiency is I am never late. I am never even on time. I am always early. This system tends to break down just a little because I am, almost always, the only person who is early—or even on time. When the time finally comes for the function to begin, I have been waiting 20 minutes, and am worrying that no one else is coming. Then, to avoid the embarrassment of being the only person to show up at an event, I quickly plan another activity in my mind, just to cover.

Obviously, I have an amazing memory. It takes a good memory to plan things so well. But, for some very odd reason, I have been stricken with a group of friends who are lucky if they remember both their first and last names. These are the same people who laugh at me for alphabetizing my spices. Jordan only occasionally remembers which cupboard her spices are in. Sarah, who rarely remembers to eat, probably isn't terribly sure where the kitchen is. I often think how lucky I



am to have such a sure-fire memory. And how awful it would be not to remember my best friend's phone number from the fourth grade or the license plate number from the Ford we had in 1954. But Jordan just laughs at herself, and continues wading through the piles of old magazines next to her couch looking for her car keys.

To this day, I remain the brunt of my friends' jokes. They tease me about planning everything to the last details. They mock me about emptying ashtrays between puffs. They think I am foolish for cleaning my junk drawer—once a week. They even go as far as calling me "crazy" for keeping my loose change in separate stacks according to denomination.

Yes, my friends say I am too controlled. They think I should loosen up a little. And there may even be some truth to that. I promise to leave myself a note on the bulletin board above this week's list of menus: Friday, January 20, 4:30-5:15 p.m.—loosen up. □

Wily Tactician of the Brushlands

by George Heinold

paintings by Gilbert DiCicco



A TIRELESS HUNTER, the bobcat is one of the subtlest raiders of the animal kingdom. This was demonstrated to me on the day I visited a farmer whose mounting losses of stock were giving him visions of bankruptcy.

"I've been losing young pigs right and left ever since I let them run in my oak groves!" the farmer lamented. "I have two mean old boars out there with them tough

enough to fight off a bear. I can't imagine what's doing the killing."

Early the following morning I took a post in a tree that overlooked the rooting pig families. All was peaceful until nearly noon. I had my first inkling of trouble in the pastoral scene when I saw one of the pugnacious boars, convoy for a sow and her litter, paw the ground and grunt menacingly. Then a bobcat dropped from the limb of a tree onto a stone

wall, and the excited boar launched a headlong charge. Skillfully baiting the porker, the cat lured the boar a hundred yards from the sow and her young.

While I watched, a second bobcat came plummeting out of a tree to pounce on one of the tiny pigs. Its squeals reached the ears of the boar. He spun about and came rushing, but he was too far away to be useful. Both cats disappeared in the woods.

Practicing epicureanism at the expense of farmers has often placed the bobcat's name on blacklists throughout the country, where he is represented by nine subspecies that differ only in size and shading of fur. All bobcats look like overgrown, crop-tailed housecats of the tiger variety. They vary in weight from 15 to 40 pounds.

Bobcat shares dislike

The bobcat shares his tabby cousin's dislike of hunting dogs. I had a unique chance to watch a phase of this ancient feud when I was stalking and photographing woodchucks in the pasture of a remote farm. My binoculars caught a flash of fur in some low shrubbery between two distant oak groves. Assuming that it was a browsing chuck, I picked up my camera, crawled behind a hedgerow paralleling the spot and worked myself closer.

I was lying flat in a clump of bushes on a knoll when I again trained my glasses on the spot. The

image that loomed in the lenses nearly caused me to whistle. Instead of a waddling groundhog, the creature was graceful and slender. It was a large bobcat.

While I was watching, two little cats—fuzzy balls no larger than bunnies—romped into view. Tumbling over one another, they were soon locked in a bundle of fur and frolic.

Suddenly I saw the mother cat jerk to attention. Her six inches of brown-ringed stub tail twitching nervously, she rose to all fours. Sensing her alarm, the kittens rushed to her side. After a few moments of intense listening, the mother arched her back. Every hair from her neck to the tip of her tail seemed to rise and bristle. The stance of her kittens copied hers.

The mother bobcat's next move was swift. She grabbed one of the kittens by the loose folds of skin at the nape of the neck, wheeled about, and bounded to a big oak tree. She climbed the trunk and deposited her baby on a broad limb next to the bole some 15 feet from the ground. Then she leaped down and snatched the other kitten, reaching the base of the tree just as a dog, carrying a young woodchuck in his mouth, trotted into the clearing.

The dog, a hulking mixture of hound and Airedale, sighted the mother bobcat as she was starting up the tree. Wildly excited, he dropped his woodchuck and gave bellowing chase. But he was too late; the



family was safe in the tree by the time he arrived at its base.

After about 20 minutes, the mother cat, creeping out on a stout limb facing the woods, crouched, her muzzle aimed toward the forest. She remained there for several minutes in silence. Then she squalled an urgent, high-pitched cry and listened expectantly. An answering cry echoed from the woods, presumably that of a male cat.

Like the answer to an S.O.S. message, the reply from the woods bolstered the mother bobcat's morale. Casting a quick glance at the excited dog, she knotted her muscles and sprang from her perch, landing lightly on the top of a high boulder. Then, while the storming

dog struggled to get at her over its precipitous side, she leaped into space. She was leading the dog by at least a hundred feet when they disappeared into the underbrush.

The chase was musical. Inspired by the sight and scent of fleeing cat, the dog's emotion rose to the straining point as he dinned his way through thicket and timber. In less than 15 minutes he was announcing triumphantly that he had his game treed.

I was speculating on how long the cat would remain at bay when I spied a shadowy form emerging from the woods near the kittens' refuge. It was the mother. She moved slowly toward the tree. There was no need for haste—cat

cries and dog clamor in the woods told me that the other cat had somehow switched places with her, covering the escape of his family. The mother cat climbed the tree and carried the kittens to earth, licking them reassuringly.

But the bobcat understands the wiles of the hunter as well as of the hunted. A shrewd tactician, he conducts his campaigns against game for his meals with expert woodcraft.

One day I had a rare chance to watch a hunting bobcat operate. Sprawled on the top of a ledge that overlooked a ravine, I was observing a covey of quail as they fed on insects and seeds in a maze of brambles below. Proceeding slowly, they did not see the hungry bobcat that was studying their every move from a sloping tree on the opposite side of the ravine.

He exercised remarkable restraint

Although he looked famished for a meal of toothsome quail, the bobcat exercised remarkable restraint. A few minutes later he sidled down the trunk of the tree and glided noiselessly into the bushes. I did not see him again until he appeared at the farther end of the ravine, where passage narrowed among weeds. Here he crouched down, blending himself so effectively with his surroundings that he was invisible.

The quail, moving along steadily, walked unsuspectingly into the ambushade. When they were in range, the bobcat leaped upon one of the

birds. Panicked, the rest of the flock rose in a whirl of wings. The leaping cat's sweeping paws downed two on the rise, scoring what shotguns would hail as a "double."

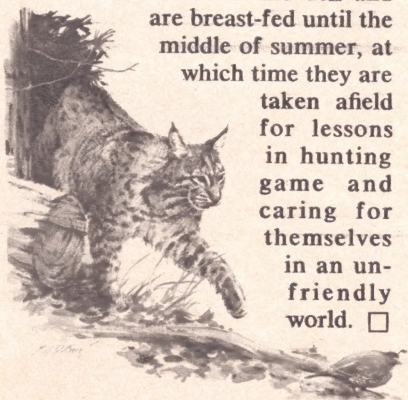
While resorting to waylaying tactics to win his dinner, a hunting bobcat moves as silently as night. When his purpose is to frighten small game out of hiding, he can let out a menacing yell.

It is during their late-winter courtship, however, that bobcats are in best voice. Their proposals are delivered in language that is both loud and expressive.

The honeymoon ends with the arrival of the kittens, sometime in May or June. The wife's mind is now completely occupied with maternal duties; she deserts her husband temporarily to establish a nursery in a hollow log or tree, a stone pile, cave, or brush tangle. Here she gives birth to one to four young, which enter the world partly blind.

The babies remain in the den and are breast-fed until the middle of summer, at which time they are

taken afield for lessons in hunting game and caring for themselves in an unfriendly world. □



Letters Letters Letters

Hail to the Undisputed Queen

I can't say enough in praise of the Special New York Section of the FORD TIMES for August 1977.

I don't remember ever seeing New York City summed up, sampled and described so succinctly and so brilliantly for the benefit of visitors. And most New Yorkers can also learn new facts leading to new experiences from this outstanding series of articles and illustrations.

I think I speak for the entire city when I express our appreciation for this glowing, upbeat portrait of New York as "the undisputed Queen" of world cities:

Abraham D. Beame

Mayor of New York City

A Pinto-Riding Reader

Enclosed is a picture of my 1½-year-old granddaughter, Stacy Ann Foster, "reading" an issue of FORD TIMES. The picture was not planned. (If I had planned it, I would have combed her hair and put her shoes on.)

A copy of the picture hangs in my office and draws a lot of comment. I just tell people that we believe in training our children about the advantages of driving Ford

products at a very early age.

I drive a 1977 Ford Landau, her grandfather drives a 1973 Ford Ranchero, and her mother drives a 1973 Ford Pinto. I have no doubt that the horse Stacy is riding is a pinto, too.

Mrs. Bill Foster
Portageville, Missouri

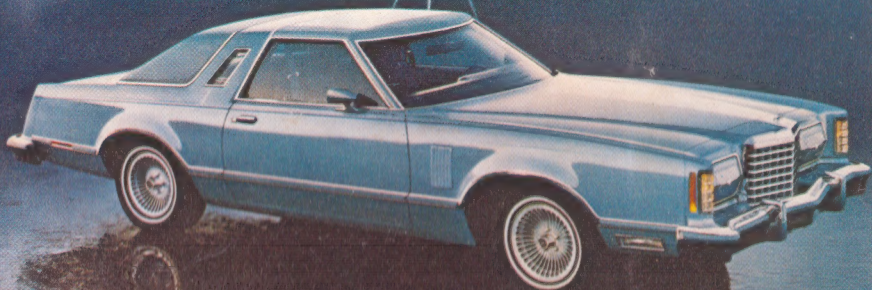


Combing the Back Roads

We've always known that Fords have smooth rides, but now we have proof. One of our hair-conscious teens left her comb on her dad's 1975 Ford truck bumper. Next morning, after driving the truck nearly 30 miles over poor back roads, two railroad tracks and a four-lane bypass, he found the comb still resting on the bumper.

Mrs. Robert Bauer
Willard, Ohio

*The most exclusive new Thunderbird you can own:
The 1978 Diamond Jubilee Edition.*



Here, to help celebrate Ford's 75th Anniversary, is the ultimate Thunderbird for 1978. We've built this exclusive new Thunderbird with such custom touches as a distinctive formal roof, a hand-stitched leather-covered pad on the instrument panel, 36 oz. carpeting, 22K gold finish owner nameplate, a pleasant chime to remind you to buckle up, and much more. One look should show you why this is the most exclusive new Thunderbird you can own. One visit to your Ford Dealer and we think you'll be convinced a new Thunderbird legend is in the making.



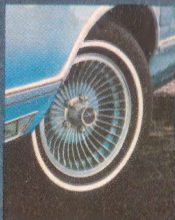
When America needs
a better idea,
Ford puts it on wheels.



Elegant
pinstriping
and
color-keyed
bumper
rub strips



Deep-cushioned, all-cloth
split-bench seats. Standard
6-way power driver's seat,
power windows and door locks

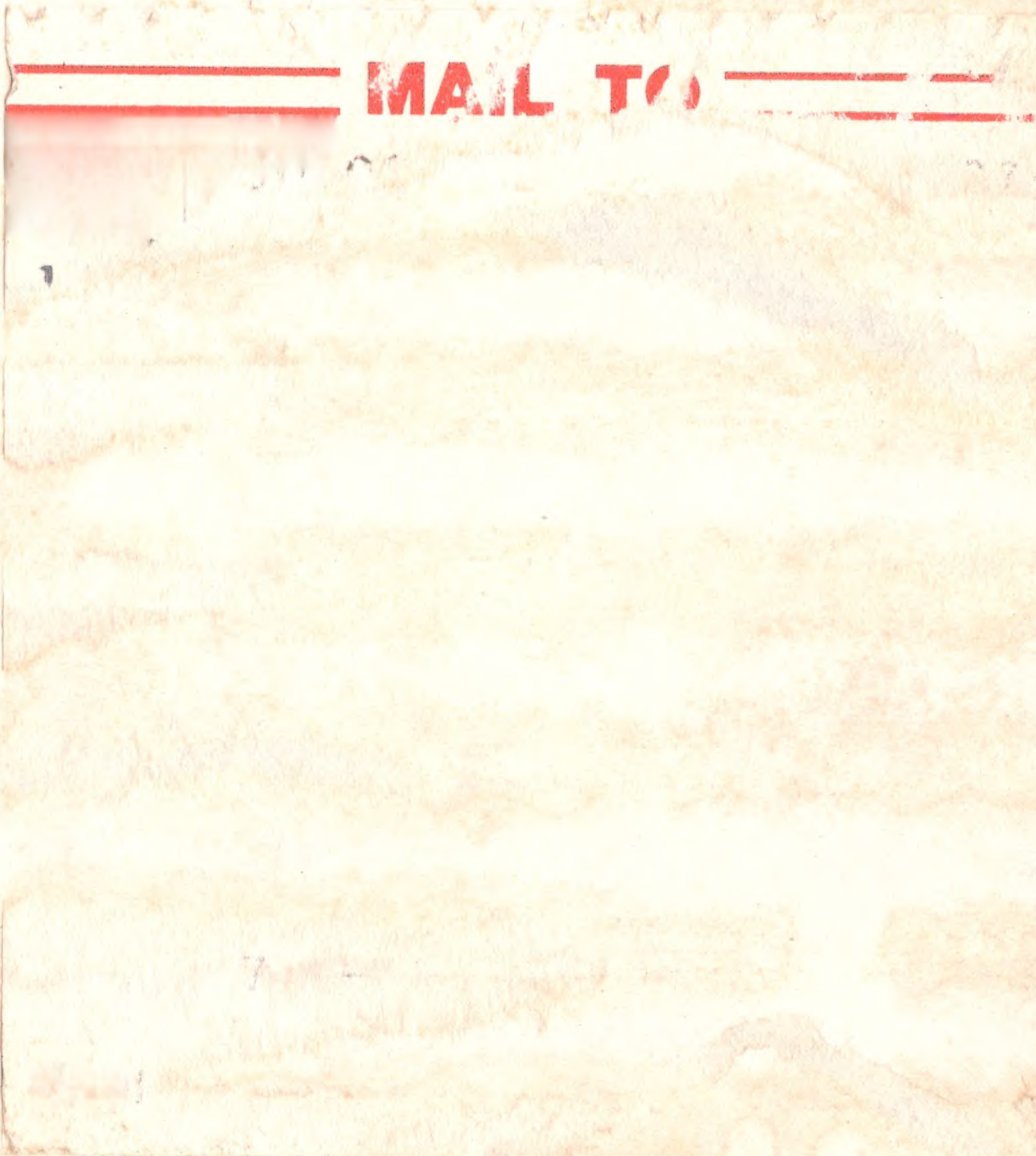


Color-keyed
cast aluminum
wheels



A distinctive
formal roof.
Illuminated
entry system
is standard.

BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Huntingdon Valley, Pa.
PERMIT NO. 60



The surprisingly affordable Fairmont

FUTURA

awaits your test drive